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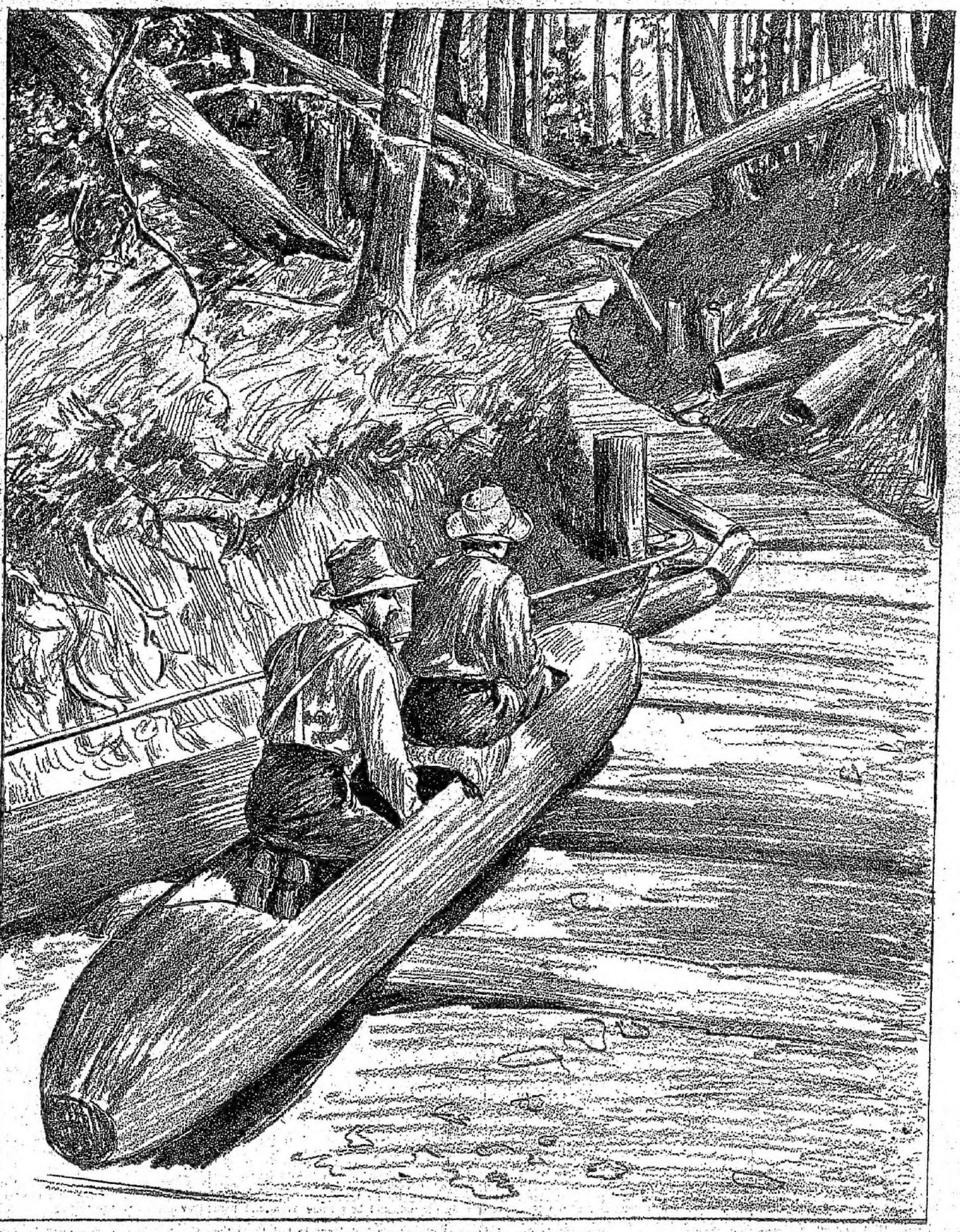

RIDING THE HUMP-DURGIN. See Last Page.

Lillie Pozer 53194

OUR BIBLE COMPETITION.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

The 'Northern Messenger's' Bible Competition of the third quarter of this year, is a great improvement on that of the previous quarter. For the last quarter of the year we hope for an improvement much greater still.

The following are the prize winners:

First (Senior) Prize—Mary A. Durkee, Hebron, N.S.

Second (Senior) Prize—Helen M. Chisholm, Superior, Wis.

First (Junior) Prize—James Miles Langstaff, Richmond Hill, Ont.

Second (Junior) Prize—Katie P. Maclennan, Heath Head, Ont.

Besides the prize winners, those writing under the following mottoes deserve special mention:—

Seniors—Ina, Lady of the Lake, Vine, The World for Christ, Ivan Vaska, O. Orton, Fern Gordon, Elizabeth.

Juniors—James Williams, Maud Rodgers, For Christ and the Church, Put Your trust in the Lord, St. John, Harry Hunter, Edward Coombes, Mildred Louise Gould, Pure and Holy was the Life of Our Saviour, To Seek and to Save.

FOUR MORE PRIZES.

For the last quarter of the year, the same offer holds good. Four prizes will again be given for the best sketch of the Sunday-school lessons studied during October, November and December of this year.

First Prizes (Junior and Senior)—A handsome morocco pocket Bible, with references, Psalms and maps.

Second Prizes (Junior and Senior)—A volume of missionary biography illustrated.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

The sketch must not contain more than 700 words, and must be written on one side of the paper only, (paper the size of note). The sheets must be fastened together at the left hand upper corner. On the right hand upper corner of the first page write a fictitious name or nom de plume, and the name of your Sunday-school. Write your nom de plume also on an envelope, and within this envelope seal a slip containing your full name and postoffice address. Mail all essays without rolling or folding. All essays must be mailed before the close of the first week in January. With nom de plume be sure to give your age.

A CHILD'S THANKSGIVING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

(Rhymes and Ballads for Boys and Girls.)

Dear little child sitting with folded hands
And down-bent head, and blue eyes full of dream,
Wondering and puzzled how to understand
Just what these words, 'Praise' and 'Thanksgiving,' mean.

Say, shall I try to help you? Tell me then
What you like best of all things. Is it play,
Hiding among the roses, and again
Laughing and chasing all the summer's day?

Is it the quiet hour on mother's knee
In the warm firelight, when the day is done?
Or that still dropping into sleep, when she
Lays in soft bed her drowsy little one?

Is it the book whose pages charm your eye?
Is it the sound of music in your ear?
Is it the sister or the brother tie,
The joy of every day, delightful, dear?

Then, darling, listen. Each and all of these—
The eyes that read, the buoyant limbs that leap,
The music breathing from the ivory keys,
The cheering fire-light and the restful sleep;

The merry love which makes your happiness,
The tender love, unfailing, deep and broad,
Which never is too tired to help and bless,
Yes, even mother is a gift from God!

Each separate thing he gives and each is His,
He knows each little want and wish and need;
And kinder than the tenderest parent is
That mighty wisdom which is Love indeed.

This is the day chosen and set apart
For us to count the good gifts he has given,
And for each blessing with a grateful heart
To thank the gracious Father up in heaven.

The mighty chords are made of little strings,
Each voice has part in the great chorus clear:
And so, dear child, happy in childish things,
Say 'Thank you,' softly, and the Lord will hear.

REFUSE IT.

'The water will not hurt me, but the rum will.' This was the brave answer of one of the native headmen on Kusaie, Micronesia, when the American captain of a trading vessel threatened to throw him overboard because he refused to take the glass of strong drink offered him. What a change it would make in the world if all men who regard themselves as civilized, would choose to be overboard at sea rather than corrupted by strong drink.—'Missionary Herald.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX., DECEMBER 2, 1894.

CHRIST'S TESTIMONY TO JOHN.—Luke 7: 24-35.

Commit to memory vs. 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Behold, I send my messenger before thy face.'—Luke 7: 27.

THE LESSON STORY.

You have not forgotten John the Baptist, who came before Jesus, declaring that the Messiah was coming. Cruel men had thrown him in prison, and maybe he thought Jesus had forgotten him. He sent two of his friends to ask Jesus if he was really the Messiah.

Jesus went on healing the sick, making the blind see, the deaf hear, and the lame walk, and John's friends saw what he did. Then Jesus told them to go back and tell John what they had seen. John knew then that he had not been mistaken, but the One who could do such mighty works must be the Son of God. When John's friends had gone, Jesus spoke to the people about John. He said that although John was such a great prophet, yet the smallest one in the new kingdom of love and faith was greater than he! Do you wonder what he meant? John belonged to the old age of the law. But the new age of the Gospel was so much better that a child who believes the Gospel and lives by it pleases God more than the wisest man who keeps all the law. The Pharisees and wise Jews would not receive the teachings of Jesus, but the ways of Wisdom, or God, are always right and just.—'Berean Lesson Book.'

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Mission of John. vs. 24-27.
II. The Greatness of John. vs. 28, 29.
III. The Rejection of John. vs. 30-35.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 7: 11-23.—John's Message to Jesus.
T. Luke 7: 24-35.—Christ's Testimony to John.
W. John 5: 21-35.—John's Testimony to Christ.
Th. John 5: 36-47.—Testimony of the Scriptures.
F. Matt. 14: 1-12.—The Death of John.
S. John 10: 11-42.—The Jews' question.
S. Matt. 17: 1-13.—The Father's Testimony.

Time.—A.D. 28, midsummer, a short time before the preceding lesson; Tiberius Caesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—Either in the neighborhood of Nain or at Capernaum.

OPENING WORDS.

John the Baptist had been imprisoned by Herod Antipas in the fortress of Machaerus, near the north-eastern end of the Dead Sea. (See Matt. 14: 3-5.) His confinement was not so rigorous as to prevent his disciples from having access to him. They told their master of the miracles of Jesus (Luke 7: 18), and he sent two of them to Jesus, with the inquiry, 'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?'

HELPS IN STUDYING.

24. A reed—a rush or flag, easily moved by the wind. He whom you went to see was not a fickle, wavering character, but firm in his principles. 25. Soft raiment—John did not live luxuriously and in palaces. 26. More than a prophet—not a prophet only, but the forerunner of Christ. 27. My messenger—in Mal. 3: 1, God is speaking in his own name; here the words are applied to Christ. 28. He that is least—the humblest Christian knows more of the great plan of salvation than John did. 29. Justified God—bore witness that God was just. 30. Rejected the counsel of God against themselves—Revised Version, 'Rejected for themselves the counsel of God.' Among the common people John was received; among the rich and learned he was despised. 32. They are like unto children—they condemned John the Baptist for his austerity, which they attributed to demoniacal possession; and condemned Christ for his genial tenderness by calling him a man fond of good living. 35. Wisdom is justified—receives the witness of being just at the hands of all her children.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Who was John the Baptist? Where was he at the time of this lesson? Why was he cast into prison? Upon what errand did John send two of his disciples? How did Jesus answer John? Title? Golden Text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. The Mission of John. vs. 24-27.—What did Jesus say to the people? How was John unlike a reed? What kind of clothing did he wear? Mark 1: 6. Why was he more than a prophet? Who was he? Who had thus prophesied of him?

II. The Greatness of John. vs. 28,29.—What did Jesus say of the greatness of John? How is the least in the kingdom of God greater than he? What was the effect upon the people and the publicans? Meaning of justified God? What relation did they bear to John? (See ch. 3: 12.)

III. The Rejection of John. vs. 30-35.—What course did the Pharisees and the lawyers take? Meaning of rejected the counsel of God against themselves? Why were they led to do this? What did Jesus now say to the people? To whom did he liken that generation? How had they shown their inconsistency? What spirit had they shown by this conduct? What did Jesus declare in v. 35?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. To do noble work is better than to live in fine houses and wear rich clothes.

2. Relation to Christ is the true measure of greatness.

3. We can have no greater honor than to be the disciples of Christ.

4. To be in the kingdom is greater than to be the greatest prophet foretelling the kingdom.

5. He who rejects what God commands rejects it to his own injury.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Whom did John send to Jesus? Ans.—Two of his disciples.

2. What was his inquiry? Ans.—Art thou he that should come? or look we for another?

3. How did Jesus answer John? Ans.—By telling him of his works which proved him to be the Messiah.

4. What testimony did he give to John? Ans.—This is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

5. What further did Jesus testify concerning John? Ans.—I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 9, 1894.

CHRIST TEACHING BY PARABLES.—Luke 8: 4-15.

Commit to memory vs. 11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The seed is the word of God.'—Luke 8: 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

When you hear of the crowds that followed Jesus everywhere, do you wonder that so few believed in him? They liked to hear him and to see his wonderful works, but they did not care much for the good news he brought. They were careless, full of their own little thoughts and plans.

One day Jesus began to teach them in a new way. Instead of telling the truth plainly he taught by parables. A parable is a story that has a meaning. Jesus knew that everybody likes a story, and he thought that those who wanted to know the meaning would come and ask him.

This time Jesus was on the seashore again, and the people crowded around him so that he sat in a boat to teach them. The parable was about a man sowing seed. He told what happened to the seed; how some was picked up by birds, how some fell on stony ground, and how some grew and bore a good harvest.

The disciples asked Jesus to tell them the meaning of this parable. He said the seed was God's word. The evil one comes and takes it away, as birds pick up seeds, and the thorns are like the cares and riches of life. But a good heart is like good ground, in which the seed can grow.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 8: 4-15.—Christ Teaching by Parables.
T. Acts 13: 42-52.—The Seed by the Wayside.
W. John 6: 60-71.—The Seed upon a Rock.
Th. Mark 10: 17-27.—The Seed among Thorns.
F. Acts 8: 26-40.—The Seed on Good Ground.
S. 1 Cor. 3: 1-9.—God gave the Increase.
S. John 15: 1-14.—Much Fruit.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Seed by the Wayside, vs. 4, 5, 11, 12.
II. Seed on the Rock, vs. 6, 13.
III. Seed among Thorns, vs. 7, 14.
IV. Seed in Good Ground, vs. 8, 15.

Time.—A. D. 28, autumn; Tiberius Caesar Emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—Near Capernaum, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

OPENING WORDS.

Our Lord had been teaching in a house in Capernaum (see Lesson VIII. and Matt. 12: 46-50; 13: 1), and now went to the seashore. The multitude followed him, and he entered a fishing boat and from it spoke to the people on the beach. Our lesson is the first of the parables which he delivered that day. Parallel passages, Matt. 13: 1-23; Mark 4: 1-20.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

5. Wayside—where the hard-trodden path crossed the field; explained in verse 12. 6. Upon a Rock—where there was a thin covering of earth over rock; explained in verse 13. 7. Among thorns—ground filled with the roots of thorny weeds; explained in verse 14. 8. Good ground—rich soil, well tilled; explained in verse 15. 10. The mysteries—the great truths of the gospel. 11. The parable is this—an explanation of it. There is the same sower and the same seed throughout the parable; the difference is in the soil. The seed is the word of God; the sower is the one who makes it known; the ground is the heart of the hearer. Four classes of hearers are described; the wayside or careless hearer (vs. 5, 12), on whose heart, hardened by sin, no impression is made; the rocky-ground or impulsive hearer (vs. 6, 13); the thorny-ground or worldly-minded hearer (vs. 7, 14), from whose heart other cares and pursuits exclude the truth; the good-ground hearer (vs. 8, 15), who receives the truth and brings forth fruits of holy living.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. Seed by the Wayside, vs. 4, 5, 11, 12.—Who came to Jesus? How did he teach them? What did the sower do? Where did some of the seed fall? Who is the sower? What is meant by the seed? What became of the seed by the wayside? What are we taught by this?

II. Seed on the Rock. vs. 6, 13.—Where did another part of the seed fall? What became of it? Meaning of some fell upon a rock? How did our Lord explain this?

III. Seed among thorns. vs. 7, 14.—Where did another part of the seed fall? What hindered its bearing fruit? How did our Lord explain this part of the parable? How can we keep our Christian life from being destroyed by worldly cares?

IV. Seed on good ground. vs. 8, 15.—Where did another part of the seed fall? What was the result? Who are they that receive the seed on good ground? What kind of fruit should the word of God produce in our lives? Ps. 119: 11; Gal. 5: 22, 23. What must we do if we would have our heart like good ground?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is a great privilege to hear the gospel; we must take heed how we hear.

2. We should prepare our hearts to receive the word by casting out everything that is contrary to it.

3. We should not let the world creep in and destroy the good Christ puts in our heart.

4. We should prize the word of God, hear it prayerfully, receive it gladly.

5. We should seek in turn to become sowers of the seed, to teach others the truth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is shown by the parable of the sower? Ans. The different ways in which men hear the word of God.

2. Who are they by the wayside? Ans. Careless hearers who neglect and lose the truth.

3. Who are they on the rock? Ans. Those who have no root in themselves, and in time of temptation fall away.

4. Who are represented by that which fell among thorns? Ans. Those who are full of worldly cares, and bring no fruit to perfection.

5. Who are described by that on good ground? Ans. Those who receive the word and live according to it.

6. How did Jesus close the parable? Ans. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TWO WAYS OF GOVERNING.

The child comes in from play and throws his cap carelessly on the floor. The mother tells him to pick it up and put it in its place. The child refuses. The mother repeats the command somewhat more sternly. The child refuses somewhat more vigorously. The mother is irritated, and shows her irritation. The tendency of any passion is to awaken the corresponding passion in another, and the mother's irritation irritates the child. The mother slaps the child; the child slaps back. A controversy is begun. The two wills are set against each other. Possibly the mother triumphs, and the child, sullen and angry, picks up the cap, embittered against the mother, and resolved when it gets older and stronger, not to yield, and quite ready, the next time it comes into the house, to fling its cap upon the floor in mere defiance. Perhaps the child triumphs, and looks with secret or even open contempt on the mother who failed to compel obedience.

Another mother tells her child to pick up the cap; the child refuses; the mother quietly picks it up, and then inflicts some punishment on the child for his disobedience. It need not be a severe one. All that is necessary is that it shall always be inflicted, and that it shall be inflicted not only without irritation expressed, but without irritation felt. The next day the scene is repeated. Day after day it re-occurs. The child learns that it does not pay to disobey. The two wills are never brought into open conflict; there is never a battle; the child's combativeness is never aroused by the mother's insistence; his self-will is never excited by her self-will; she suffers the humiliation of a disobedient child, he the penal consequences of his disobedience. She suffers more than he does, but he learns the lesson in time, and, after five or ten years of such experience, provided it is continuous and without exception, obeys because disobedience involves penalty. We repeat that the penalty need not be severe. If physical punishment is inflicted, it should be severe—severe enough to expel the anger: as an angry child who strikes his fist through a pane of glass is startled out of his anger by the crash of the glass and the cut and bleeding hand. These words from a writer in the 'Outlook' are profoundly true and worth reading.

ALONE WITH MOTHER.

In a family where the mother's attention is divided between several children, it is well, occasionally, to plan a little quiet time with each.

The stern realities of life permit only short seasons of recreation. Living implies hurry, interruptions of family interviews, and it is only by planning judiciously that each and every young member of the family can be assured of their rightful portion of mother's company.

'I wish you and I could go alone,' a boy said to his mother; and when she questioned the justice of his request, saying, 'But you wouldn't be selfish, would you?' his answer brought conviction:

'You and I never go about together, and I love to be alone with you; the others can go another time.'

Mothers need to be taught, and their children unconsciously afford them object lessons worthy of their close attention. Truly, the others could go at other times, and thus mother's attention might be centred upon one instead of being divided between several.

The child's enjoyment is keener; little secrets otherwise remaining untold are confided to that most sympathetic and ready listener, and a closer friendship is formed between the two.

Perhaps no condition is more conducive to home content than that which affords separate rooms to each member of the household; little places they may be, but large enough to permit quiet thought, a time all our own; and partly because of the mental healthfulness of this solitude, children should be given separate rooms as early as they have learned to care for themselves during the night.

There are no more uncomfortable or unprofitable companions than those people who have a terror of being alone.—'Home Notes.'

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Never scold a child for mistakes and do not nervously and impatiently fret and nag and worry at it because it does not learn to do a thing after once telling. When baby begins to sit at the table and use a spoon, there is need of continuous quiet and judicious watching and training in order to cultivate proper habits and teach it to use the spoon and fork correctly.

There is nothing at all inviting, cunning or pretty in seeing a child play with its food or make unsuccessful and awkward attempts to get the spoon to its mouth.

Teach the child precisely what is to be done and do not stop until it understands, then mildly but firmly insist on its doing the right thing as nearly as it is able, every time. There are children of five years whose table-manners are everything that could be desired. There are others, children of larger growth, who all their lives are a source of annoyance to their friends because they either do not know or do not care what proper deportment is.

It is nonsense to say that one cannot teach children. Every mother of a family should take time herself, or, if she is not capable of doing this, should employ some trustworthy person to do it for her.

It is almost always possible to find time for the things we want to do most, and certainly there can be nothing more important than the judicious care that assures for the child in after years reasonably good table-manners.

HOME TALKS WITH GIRLS.

I suppose some of you girls who read this letter are about to be married. You have chosen a good man, and soon you mean to 'begin life together.' I wish you all happiness and all success, and I ask you to pause a little and make some good resolutions.

An old proverb says, all bonnie maids are good, but where do all the bad wives come from? Now, I daresay you think that whoever has failed, you will not. But let me remind you that the bad wives did not enter matrimony with the intention of being bad. I believe that the threshold of matrimony is 'paved with good intentions.' It is not what a girl intends to do, but what she resolves to do, with God's help, that matters. We intend to do many things, but we seldom resolve with a steadfast will and ask God to help us in our resolution.

There are two things that are said to be good in marriage:—

A good wife and health
Is a man's best wealth.

Try to remember that, for very few young married folks have any other kind of wealth; so you ought to be thankful for such things as you have. If you are a good woman, and your husband is a man who can properly value your goodness, that is something to be grateful for. There are many women who have to be content with a clear conscience. A good wife includes much. You may be beautiful, a good housewife, and a good cook, and yet a bad wife. To be a good wife a woman requires to be sympathetic. She requires to be unselfish and to have common sense. These three things do not always go together. Some very unselfish people are not at all blessed with common sense, and some common-sensed women are very unsympathetic. It is by combining all three that the 'good wife' comes out. An old Scottish proverb says:—

He that gets a guid, guid wife
Gets gear enough,

and another one says in words that I'm sure you will understand:—

The guid or ill luck
Of a guid or ill life
Is the guid or ill pick
Of a guid or ill wife.

When I was a very little girl I used to be much with my old grandmother. She was very old-fashioned and very reserved; but she was full of three things—the Psalms, Erskine's Sonnets, and Proverbs. And she was often giving me advice or warnings when she was not telling me long stories of things that happened in the 'coaching days.' I remember that once we spoke of a bad wife, and she said in her soft, low voice:—

A man may spend and aye mend
If his wife be ought,
But a man will spare, and aye be bare,
If his wife be nought.

Thus you see that much depends on a wife. Her goodness and her badness make or mar the marriage, and it will not be what you girls intend, but what you resolve to be, and do, and with God's help carry out, that will help you. You may have poverty, you may have trials, you may have a rough road to travel, but if you have a heart resolved to go steadfastly on in the face of all difficulties, God will bless you. And on the man you choose much of your happiness will depend. I hope you have chosen wisely, and I trust you both will resolve to have the three good qualities—sympathy, unselfishness, and common sense; above and beyond all these—the blessing of God and faith in Him.—'Word and Work.'

NIGHT WRAPPER FOR MOTHERS.

Those who have to rise often in the night to care for little children, for the aged or for invalids, will find this simple slip a great convenience. It is made of washable cotton goods, preferably soft white print thickly dotted with tiny figures in black, blue, pink or red. It is as easily washed and ironed as is a white nightdress, which it takes the place of—though some prefer to keep

the wrapper by the bedside and slip it on over the nightdress. In such a wrapper the wearer is ready to rise and go about her nursing whenever called; she need not be abashed if seen by those outside the nursery or sick-room, and it does not soil easily—three important items in its favor. There are only three pieces in the body, two plain sack fronts with three small plaits at the neck and a single back piece with three plaits at each side of the centre to match the fronts, only the plaits are underfolded much more deeply to give a pretty fullness to the skirt. The plaits are laid smoothly down a short distance from the neck and three cross-rows of feather stitching, in wash floss of the same color as the figures, confine them to the underfacing, which is as deep as an ordinary yoke, front and back. A single row of feather stitching gives a neat finish to the rolling collar, to the wrists of the balloon sleeves and to the edge of the hem at the bottom. There is a handy breast pocket on the left side, and small pearl buttons are used for the closing. These wrappers are usually made in sets of three. Often a separate color is chosen for each one, but only fast colors should be used.—'Agriculturist.'

DOUBLE BEDS.

Fashion has given its sanction to the use of the single bed; and large numbers of so-called 'twin bedsteads' are now in the market, many of them made of costly woods, rich with carving. They are so designed that, when placed side by side, the effect is that of one wide bedstead, whereas a separate spring-mattress and bed-clothes are provided for each one.

It is well known that the double bed is unhygienic; and medical journals have been condemning it for some time past, one writer claiming that injury to one or the other of two people sleeping in this way is sure to result in time. Particularly is this true with regard to the young and the aged; but by the use of the twin bed they may occupy the same room, and sleep side by side without harm to either.

There is no class, perhaps, who need the refreshment and rest which come of occupying a bed alone so much as household servants; and they are the people of all others who are condemned to the very poorest sleeping accommodations.

Two iron bedsteads painted white (each three feet wide, placed side by side, look well, if dressed with a spread of pretty light-colored chintz and a round bolster covered to match. This is the neatest and most tasteful way of arranging a bed in the daytime, and seems to be coming into very general use. The old-time valance has also been revived, and this, if used, should be of the same chintz as the covering.—'Standard.'

SPONGE-CAKE.

In the following rule for sponge-cake the ingredients are measured, instead of being weighed, which renders the work less troublesome, and the cake is as perfect in every way as if made by the old method.

Ten eggs, 2½ cupfuls of sugar, 2½ cupfuls of pastry flour, and the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon are required.

Beat the yolks and sugar together until very light, and add the lemon. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and stir them in quickly at the last, after the flour. This may be baked in one large sheet, or, which is better, in a dozen small cakes and one large one.

Use for the small cakes the ordinary gem pans, either round or oval, which come in a single sheet. Half-an-hour will suffice to bake these in a moderate oven, but the large cake will take considerably longer, the time depending upon the thickness of the batter. The writer uses a small-sized cake tin, which makes a cake four inches thick when baked, and this requires an hour and a quarter. It will keep moist several days, and even the small cakes, unlike bakers' sponge-cakes, are good the second or third day if kept in a closely covered box.

One of the tin cups with graduated marks, which holds half-a-pint, is best to use for measuring.

This cake may be cut into finger-length strips and used for the home-made charlotte russe.

MODERN UTENSILS IN THE KITCHEN.

There is no reason, for instance, why any woman should be lifting about the old, unmerciful iron kettles weighing some part of a ton, when she can have those of agate iron ware, to be moved easily by the feeblest arm. As an immediate practical resource, it is not much for a man to bring in an armful of wood or a pail of water. Have a good wood-box or coal-box, and a kindling-box by your stove, and let your husband or the hired man make it his business to keep them full. It is only good exercise for strong muscles, but desolation and sometimes death for weak ones. Wherever heavy muscular strain is involved, man should contrive, somehow, to make it his work—and woman should contrive to have him.

TO CLEAN INDIA RUBBERS.

In these days, when India rubber shoes are so often made of shoddy material, it is especially necessary to take good care of them. It is a great mistake to wash an India rubber to free it from mud. Soap always injures them, and even clear water applications are of no special advantage. The best way, as an exchange says, is to allow the overshoes to become thoroughly dry. Then brush them free from all dust and mud, and rub them thoroughly with vaseline. This not only cleans them, but leaves an oil surface, which makes the overshoe more impervious to water.—'The Watchman.'

JANE PRUDEN'S THANKSGIVING.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

(Concluded.)

A wan little woman in black, ushered them into a neat, chilly room, in which a lamp burned feebly. 'Rent is three dollars a week,' she said. Her eyes were faded, her voice died out weakly in the thin air; she was but the lean suggestion of a live thing. The chill grip of penury which held the town, had been too strong for this poor little woman.

'And where is Dwight's?' asked Mary. 'I want to be a "mealer" at once. I am very hungry.'

'Nobody here furnishes supper after six o'clock—nowhere, mem.'

'I think that my cousin, Miss Pruden, probably expects us to supper,' interposed John.

'Jane? Supper!' Mrs. Pierce gave a shrill laugh. 'She only kindles her stove on wash-days, and then she cooks a bit of fish. The rest of the week she eats the cold fish and bread and milk.'

John started up. 'Is she—are her means so straitened'—

'Not straitened at all!' said Mrs. Pierce, with dignity. 'She's a well-to-do woman. She lives like her neighbors. North Wayne folks is generally well-to-do because they're no wasters. Jane set herself twenty years ago to save four thousand dollars, and I guess she's done it.' She began to examine the wick of the lamp as an excuse to go on talking. Gossip was her one luxury—it cost nothing.

'Nobody knows,' the feeble droning continued, 'what Jane will do with that there money. Some thought she'd adopt her brother's boy; but they forgot the quarrel she had with his father. She's never give him a cent. He's growed up in Walker's stables. Matt's a good boy, crazy for books, too.'

'That starved lad, Will Pruden's son!' exclaimed John.

'Just so—Will's son. He's likely to go in a decline like his father. Liftin' baggage is no work for a child like that, I say. He's a good Latin scholar, Matt. Dr. Johns saw that the boy used to study nights, after he'd curried the horses; so he hears him his lessons.'

'New Englanders are never niggardly of education,' said John, proudly. 'There is always some Dr. Johns to help.'

'Yes, Matt's a good boy,' continued Mrs. Pierce. 'I told him, last year, he could sleep in my attic free. Stables is no fit sleepin' place for a child.'

'You were very good. Thank you!' Mary burst forth with a kind of sob.

'It didn't cost me nothin',' said the widow, grimly. 'Washin' sheets isn't money,' she said to herself, 'and it's none of her concerns neither.'

'Is he in the attic now?' said Mary, eagerly.

'I guess he be.'

'Will you bring him down in about—say twenty minutes? and come yourself, dear friend? I am so glad you were kind to him!' Mary's soft, warm hands caught the widow's cold ones, and her smiling eyes, full of tears, were close to hers. She put her out of the door and closed it.

'Now kindle this fire, John, and let us see what is left in the lunch-basket. The poor boy! the poor little fellow! Studying at night in a stable! And your cousin! I am so glad we came!'

An hour later Jane Pruden tapped at the door. When it opened, a strange scene was disclosed. A bright fire burned in the grate, a little table was spread with some kind of feast; a chubby little woman was pouring out tea, and Mrs. Pierce and the stable-boy Matt, were eating and laughing—actually laughing—together.

John Warriner, turning, saw a lean, high-featured woman, standing amazed in the doorway. She looked old enough to be Mary's mother. Long chronic hunger had yellowed her sharp features and dulled her watery eyes, her hair was knotted tightly back in a gray wisp.

'How do you do?' she said, in a high, rasping tone. 'This is your wife, Jonathan? You seem to be at home already, ma'am.'

'It is my wife's habit to make friends readily and to give them a hearty welcome,' said John, dryly.

There was a wicked sparkle in Mary's eye as she seated Jane in the warmest corner and brought her a cup of tea. 'You must have a sandwich. Our old Virginia ham, you know.'

The hot tea seemed to go through Jane's chilled body like fire. It was years since she had eaten such a hearty meal. And these people ate such meals every day, and were happy and loving together and welcomed their friends.

'You've grown very big and stout, Jonathan,' she said. 'And your wife, she don't appear to have any quarrels with life. What photographs are those on the mantel-shelf?'

'My children, Jane. I have four.' He handed them to her. She looked at them with a grim face, but her hands shook as she held them.

'They favor you,' she said, calmly, as she handed them back.

She had the Puritan quality of stern self-control; she talked civilly a while and bade them a cold good-night. But the real woman within her, who for twenty years had seemed only intent on hoarding penny after penny, suddenly rose, alive, wretched and defiant.

Why should God have given this commonplace woman everything and her nothing? Jonathan's wife had home, comfort, joy, a husband, children to love.

'And I—well, I'm not so bare neither,' she chuckled, sourly, as she thought of a bank-book hidden in her mattress.

As she opened the hall-door going out, something crouched in the stairway. It was Matt—Will's son. The boy's face looked oddly like his father's when the light struck it.

'He's hiding from me. He always does,' she thought. 'Lord knows I've nothin' agen the boy.' That strange woman had been but an hour in the place and she had taken the lad home, been like a mother to him. 'He might hav been my child all of these years,' Jane thought; 'he might have slept in my arms when he was a baby—have called me mother.'

What fantastic folly was this! She forgot it as soon as she reached her own house. Was it always so cold and dark? She was tempted to bring in those chips in the yard and make a fire. They really had cost her nothing. Smiling at her own wild fancy, she lighted a candle long enough to take out the bank-book to see that it was safe. Six thousand dollars! The ten that she deposited yesterday made the sum complete. She blew out the candle with a satisfied nod and prepared for bed.

At last! Six thousand dollars! 'I've a right to keep Thanksgiving to-morrow,' she muttered. Then she began to calculate, as she had done every night for years: 'Supposin' I live forty year more; compound interest will bring that up very nigh double. It will make a grand show in the graveyard!' For she meant to spend it on a huge monument, a stone angel on whose trumpet should be emblazoned—Pruden. It would be the pride of North Wayne for generations to come! As she crept into bed and drew the thin blanket over her lean body, she tried to rejoice as she had done for thousands of nights on the big stone angel blowing its horn over her grave. But, instead, she burst into passionate crying.

What did it mean? She had not shed a tear for years. And the last payment made on the six thousand—

That hateful woman with her sweet smile and her pretty children! Even Will's boy had gone to her.

'O God! I'm so *lonely*! I'm so lonely!'

The woman sat up in the bed and beat her breast on which a child had never lain.

It was the sight of her married lover which had shocked her into life. Yet, oddly enough, it was not of him she thought now, but of her brother. Love in the thin-blooded woman had been a feeble flame which soon died. But Will had been the one dear, cheerful part of life to her until they quarrelled, and she hated him. The hate to-night, in her mad longing for love and happiness, seemed to have vanished unaccountably. She tried to go back to the stone angel, but instead she said, 'Only two Prudens left. All dead but me and Will's son, Zed Walker's stable boy.'

A sudden vision rose before her of Matt at school, of Matt at Harvard, of Matt in the pulpit, she looking on proud and happy. She shut her teeth with a click.

For twenty years she had planned that stone angel. It should yet stand in North Wayne graveyard. And with her teeth set, she fell asleep.

Jane rose early. It was a cold morning. She ate the piece of cold, soggy pie which was the usual breakfast in North Wayne, brushed up two solitary crumbs, wiped the table, and after a survey of the bare, spotless rooms, sat down, shivering. Jonathan's wife might come now; she would find no cleaner house in New England.

Two or three hurried steps sounded on the bricks outside; some men ran past; Sarah Pierce, her shawl over her head, followed.

'What has happened?' Jane asked from her doorway.

'Nothing that will interest you.' Sarah snapped out with amazing vigor. 'Little Matt Pruden's been kicked by a horse. He's dyin'.'

Jane followed her. She did not run; her feet were lumps of iron; she could not lift them. When she reached the stable the crowd was there, but the boy was gone.

'Jont' Warriner's back,' Walker told her. 'He kerried Matt home. His wife's a master one, I tell ye. She handled Matt as if he was a baby. There goes Dr. Johns now. I guess there's no chance. It was Dragon kicked him plump in the side. Well, no man can say I didn't do my dooty to Matt, when his own kin left him in the gutter,' raising his voice as Miss Pruden marched away.

She had to wait in Sarah Pierce's little entry for an hour, while the doctor made his examination. She sat on the stairs, her grim face immovable, her eyes shut as if she were asleep. She knew the boy would die. It seemed as if Will was beside her and said: 'What have you done with my boy? What care did you take of my boy? Then it seemed as if she could hear Will call her 'Jinny,' as he used to do when they were little children together.

The door of the bedroom opened, and the doctor came out. Jonathan was with him; he saw her, and going through the other women, took her hand, led her into the room, and shut the door.

'Mary,' he said, in a low voice, 'here is Jane.'

She stood, where he left her, by the door.

They did not know that it was she who had murdered him; they did not know that she had let the child starve that she might build a stone angel to her own glory.

Mary left the bed, on which a little figure lay motionless under the sheet, and came to her. Her face was pale, but her eyes shone.

'Our boy will live,' she whispered; 'but he is badly hurt and weak. The doctor says he must have long care and rest. We are going to take him home with us; he shall be as one of our own children.'

'No, no!' Jane said, with white lips. 'Give him to me. I will be his—his mother.'

John's face reddened angrily.

'To you!' he said. 'Why, Jane, you have'—

But Mary drew him aside hastily. 'This is God's work, John,' she whispered. 'He has given the child to her.' Looking back they saw that Jane had kneeled down and was holding one of the thin little hands to her face.

There was no Thanksgiving dinner cooked in the house that day. Nobody probably knew what they ate or when; but there was a new tenderness and softness in their tones when they spoke to each other. The story went out through the town, too, that Matt had been near to death and that Jane Pruden had forgiven his father and taken the boy as her own; and there came a sudden conviction to each man or woman that heard it, that there were higher virtues in life than iron self-control.

Jane Pruden said little as she helped to nurse the boy that day. Habit was strong in her, and she shuddered when Mary laid another stick of wood on the grate or brewed a strong broth for him out of pounds of meat. She said humbly, at last, with a queer smile:

'I'm not used to children. If you are willing, I'll take Matthew down and board with you this winter to learn your ways. I don't know how to mother him.'

For her answer Mary gave her a kiss. 'You shall stay a year,' she said.

'You are too good, Polly,' said John, when they were alone. 'A year of that woman would drive me mad.'

Mary laughed, more indeed than the remark seemed to warrant. He used to call her Polly when they were first married.

Matt nodded gravely when Miss Pruden bade him call her 'Aunt Jane.' He had been a pauper in the village. He quite understood what it was to have a home and a family, with school and Harvard in the distance. Jane Pruden was queer; but she was now his kin, his property. He would stand by her while she lived.

As Jane sat by the bed and watched his childish, fine face, immeasurable possibilities and happiness began to dawn upon her. He would be a great man, he and his children would love her. Out in the world there was comfort, and plenty, and friendship waiting for her; the sky seemed to lift above the chill starved village, and a wider, warmer horizon of life opened. She forgot wholly the money which she had been saving for twenty years. It was for something intangible and sweet and new that she looked up now to the heavens and made thanksgiving.

A CONVERTED PURSE.

AN INCIDENT FROM LIFE.

(By Louise Manning Hodgkins.)

'Certainly. I am grateful to you for asking me. Put me down for twenty-five dollars.'

A look of pleased surprise passed over the solicitor's face, succeeded by another of perplexity; for it happened that he knew that his friend had precisely the same salary as he, and that twenty-five dollars was a generous fraction of his month's income.

'Oh! that's more than we expect, Frank,—and than you can afford, too, I fear,' he added, with the freedom of a comrade.

'Oh, no! Let me tell you how it is Jack. You know I turned right-about-face when I became a Christian, last winter; and I resolved at the start not to enter into a junior partnership with the world, and a senior partnership with the church.

'You knew my habits. I was not an inordinate smoker. Three cigars a day, with a treat to the fellows now and then, cut off, reduced my expenses a hundred dollars a year. Then I had a careless fashion, ruinous to my digestion, of adding a bottle of claret, or some fancy, indigestible pudding or cream, at least twice a week, to a wholesome lunch. Looked squarely in the face, and given its right name, it was an indulgence of unlawful appetite; so I made seventy-five dollars a year by stopping that. Sunday headaches, too, went at the same time.

'One day I was looking over my neckties to find some particular color, and I found I had thirty-seven, with at least ten scarf-pins. That made me run through my accounts next day—they weren't very well kept, but I guessed as nearly as I could—to see what there was in my wardrobe that would leave me better dressed, from a Christian and artistic point of view, too, for that matter, if I never wore it again; and I am ashamed to say I found I had a hundred and fifty dollars worth of dry goods on hand that was the price, not of good taste, but mere caprice.

'Now, I don't propose to submit to a taxation in behalf of my weaknesses and vices, and be niggardly with the church I've promised before God and man to support and increase.

'There, you have it all! I spent over three hundred a year, you see, in the service of appetite and fashion, for things that made me less a man. I've transferred that mortgage; yes, I can afford easily that twenty-five dollars, especially when it is to rescue some other fellow deeper in than I was. Come to think of it, make it thirty! The other five is a thank-offering!'—

THE BENEFACTOR OF THE BLIND

The death of Dr. William Moon, of Brighton, the inventor, over fifty years ago, of the embossed alphabet letters for enabling the blind to read, claims some recognition of a precious boon to an afflicted class of mankind. Himself becoming blind in 1840, he turned his attention to this remedy, in attempting to provide which, by the sense of touch, he had been preceded by other inventors—the French M. Valentin Hauy, in 1785; Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh; Mr. Alston, of Glasgow; and Messrs. Lucas and Frere, who used stenographic characters; but Dr. Moon was the first to adopt large Roman letters, raised on the paper, with the needful modifications to render them easily discernible by the fingers. More than two hundred thousand copies of books, including the Bible, and nearly a thousand different works, have been produced in Moon's embossed type. Most people have seen blind persons reading this literature with much facility. The system has been applied to books in many foreign languages, and is a great comfort to those who use it.

A LETTER FROM A SHEEP RANCH.

'If there was one thing Elizabeth Day prided herself upon, it was her thoroughness, that she was not a "dilettante" in anything; and certainly a girl who read Kant in the original, and quoted Dante in the "soft Tuscan tongue," could not be called superficial.

To-day she had been hard at work since early morning finishing up a water-color sketch. It was coming out beautifully, and she sighed a little impatiently when the maid announced one of her friends. However, she turned the easel to the wall, drew two easy chairs in front of the grate, and welcomed her guest cordially.

'Evidently Kate has something on her mind,' she thought, as Miss Forbes seated herself with a preoccupied air and drew a letter from her pocket.

'"Lizbeth,' she began abruptly, 'do you remember Mary Hadleigh?'

'Remember her? I don't think any of our class will ever forget her, for she took first honors all round and didn't leave a ghost of a chance for the rest of us. Besides,' she added, warmly, 'she was the sweetest little saint that ever breathed. What about her?'

'Well, listen. You know brother Jack has a sheep ranch out in Colorado, and he's always roaming over those western wilds prospecting for mines and things. He'll date a letter in Idaho, finish it up in Texas, and between times send a telegram from San Francisco or Yankton. To-day, this letter came from Choctaw Gulch, if you know where that is.'

'I certainly do not. What has it to do with Mary? She is not out there, is she?'

Miss Forbes did not answer at once. She unfolded the letter deliberately; then said, with an odd inflection in her voice:

'Before I begin, 'Lizbeth, I wish you would look around this room. Look slowly—take it all in—then I'll read Jack's letter.'

It was very queer, so unlike Kate's usual racy nonsense. What did she mean? Elizabeth looked curiously about her room to see if she could find an answer. The afternoon sun shone in through the south windows; its rays were flashed back from the silver fittings of the dressing table; they lit the face of her favorite Madonna with a new glory and lingered caressingly on the bowl of roses and mignonette whose fragrance filled the air. It was a beautiful room, and expressed well, she often thought complacently, her own personality.

'Well,' she said, as she completed the survey, 'what next?'

'This is next,' said Miss Forbes, quietly, and read from her letter:

'I met one of your school friends the other day under rather unusual circumstances. I was riding slowly over a bad bit of prairie, and as I came up alongside a dugout I saw a woman on the lee side with a tub of clothes. It was blowing fifty miles an hour, and she was trying to rig up a clothes line. Just as she got one end tied fast and started for a pole with the other, the norther whisked round the corner, lifted that tub like a thistledown, and in two seconds there wasn't a rag in sight. I roared; it was the neatest thing I ever saw. But when the little woman turned round and started back for the house, head down, fighting the wind and fighting the tears back, too, I didn't laugh any more. The next thing I knew, Bill and I were loping over the prairie after that washing. We brought back all that were left in the county.'

Both girls broke out into an irresistible laugh.

'Just imagine Jack careering over the plains with his arms full of wet linen!' said Kate.

'It must have been more exciting than polo,' said Elizabeth, dryly.

Kate read on:—'Perhaps you can take in my astonishment when I found my Madonna of the Tub was your friend, Miss Hadleigh (Mrs. Grant). In ten minutes we were chatting away like old cronies, with the small fry hovering around. My arm aches like the toothache, writing, but I'm bound to persevere ("He never wrote such a letter before in his life," interjected Kate.)

'We men peeled potatoes for supper, and talked political economy and evolution. Grant's a Yale man, same fraternity as I, and as level-headed a fellow as I've met. The menu for supper was bread and potatoes, with fried mush and coffee for dessert. No butter and no milk. They're raising the infant on condensed milk, so the rest of the family can't indulge.

'I was making my adieux about nine o'clock, when some men stopped at the house and wanted to know the way to the Gulch. Grant asked them in and I offered to pilot them, but Grant got in a prayer-meeting first. He did it so easily that we all dropped on it as if we went to them every night in the week (I haven't been in one for ten years). We sang some hymns; Grant read some verses that screwed into a fellow's conscience—and then he prayed. I tell you, Kate, I never meant to be a "professor;" but if I could get hold of the sort of religion that man has, I'd go for it. He has a grip on the Almighty that means something. I haven't any use for the gilt-edged religion that prays in plush

THE LATE DR. WILLIAM MOON.

It's time you kid-gloved saints and sisters in the effete east knew how some of your substitutes live out here. You know what these dugouts are like. I could stand up straight in this one and an inch to spare ("Jack's six feet one.") There was a lean-to curtained off where, I suppose, the dominie and his wife slept. The walls were lined with building paper; the cooking stove was on one side of the room, the table on the other; there were two chairs, the baby's cradle, and a wash-bench. That was all, and about all there was room for. They are living here, two miles from anything, because since the railway struck the Gulch, nobody but a saloon-keeper can pay the rents.

'Grant came home soon with a couple of bundles, and I heard one youngster sing out, 'Oh, mamma, papa's got some meat!' and the other piped up, 'And ginger snaps!' They were hushed up quickly, but I drew my own inferences. In the course of the evening I found out that their salary was overdue, they were in debt, and Grant had just two dollars and thirteen cents to lay in winter supplies with.

pews and don't pay it's missionaries (I don't mean you and mother, Katchen), but to know God—to believe—'

But Kate sprang up with a choking sob. 'I can't read any more, 'Lizbeth. To think of Jack, dear, darling Jack, wanting to be a Christian, and mamma and I have been praying for that so long—and the first one to make him think is a home missionary—and in debt—and this suit cost me a hundred dollars for making—'

The tears were coming too fast to be held back, and, more afraid of Elizabeth's cool sarcasm than of anything else in the world, Kate did not try to finish her sentence, but ran downstairs and disappeared as suddenly as she came.

Elizabeth could not go on with her painting that afternoon. The light was still perfect; Kate's call had not been a long one; but after trying a few half-hearted touches she put her colors away and dressed for a walk. As she passed through the hall, her mother called to her:

'Elizabeth, are you going shopping?'

'I think not this afternoon, mother,' she answered, hardly knowing why she felt so unlike anything of the sort.

She walked slowly down town in the brilliant sunlight, fighting a battle with her conscience, and strangely at variance with her own self and the beauty of the day.

'Why do they send such people out to those western savages?' she argued indignantly. 'I believe in adaptation of means to ends. Who would think of using a delicate watch spring to move a trip hammer? (with an approving mental pat at the metaphor) and cultivated people have no right to bury themselves in that way. It's sheer waste.'

'But,' answered conscience, 'a watch spring could carry the electric current which would move a thousand trip hammers, and God did not think it a waste to give His only Son to save sinners. Besides, men like Jack Forbes are not savages.'

Elizabeth winced. She knew why Jack had chosen to 'bury' himself out in the indefinite, limitless 'West.' It was a sore point, and she shifted her argument.

'Well, if they do send men and women out there to preach, they have no right to let them freeze and starve. Why don't they pay up their salaries promptly, like any respectable business firm? I don't see why everything in church work should be done in such a shiftless, haphazard way.'

'Who make up the church,' answered conscience, sternly. 'Men and women like yourself, and upon each individual member lies the burden of the responsibility. Inasmuch as each one of you has not done his or her duty in this matter, "ye have not done it unto me," and the sin lies at your door. You cannot shift the blame upon a "Board" and say, "I am innocent: see ye to it." What have you done, Elizabeth Day?'

And then, as suddenly as the light flashed upon Saul of Tarsus, God sent an arrow of conviction into her soul. The Sunday before had been the one after Thanksgiving, and for years this day had been chosen, above all others, for the annual Home Mission collection. Usually, she put ten dollars on the plate—she prided herself upon her liberality—but she had forgotten it this time, and one solitary dollar bill lay in her purse, with a cheque her father had given her the night before.

The pastor had made an especial appeal for the debt of the Board. Very tenderly and solemnly he had pressed home God's claim upon the silver and gold of His people, and still more earnestly the honor of being 'workers together with him,' and the sacred joy of giving, because He gave Himself for us.

Heart and conscience had pleaded together for the cheque that lay snugly in the dainty purse, but she had resisted. She had excellent excuses. 'Perhaps father would not like it,' and, with the pride which apes humility, 'It would look like affectation for me to give a hundred dollars,' and finally—stiffening her resolution as the plate passed by, enriched with the one-dollar bill — 'It would be giving from mere impulse, just because I am affected by the sermon.'

It all came back to her now, argument, appeal, resistance, with a burning sense of guilt and shame. She walked home, fighting no longer, but crying out for forgiveness and light. 'I have been called a Christian nine years,' she thought bitterly, 'and I never brought one soul to Jesus, and I never denied myself one single thing to help anyone else do it.'

From that time a new life began for Elizabeth Day. It was characteristic of her that she was not content with merely giving more money. She gave herself, 'soul and body, a living sacrifice,' and giving 'until she felt it' was only one phase of the rich and manifold development of the spiritual life springing from the full consecration. Life was radiant with new meaning when painting, study, social duties, were all done 'as unto the Lord.'

And if, as the years ran on, and she became a leader and worker in every good cause, some of the old interests were crowded out, there could be no regret, for the lesser joys were merged in the infinitely greater—even the 'joy of the Lord.'—Jeanette W. Judd, in 'Home Mission Leaflet.'

THE LAST OF THE HARVEST.

A RUSSIAN BOY SECURES A TESTAMENT.

The colporteur of the Bible Society at Tobolsk, writing of a tour made by him from Omsk to Petropaviovsk, says: 'Nowhere have I been so touched and interested as in the village of Kalatchicha, where I visited a well-to-do peasant, and found them all drinking and making merry, for it was a Russian holiday. Entering, I laid out my books on the table; the landlord was busy entertaining his guests. His son, a small boy about eight years of age, was greatly interested, and told me proudly that he attended the village school and could now read a little. He was delighted to see my books, and ran up to his father, shouting excitedly, "Hi! father; buy me a New Testament." The father, who had two bottles of vodka on the table before him, answered him harshly, "Clear out, you and your book! Impudence! Where am I to find the money to buy you a book?" The lad came back sorrowfully, and went next to his mother, who was sitting at the other end of the table, and appealed to her, now with tears in his eyes. The mother also answered him roughly, so that the little boy went out; but in a minute or two he was back, and in a sobbing tone said to his father, "Yes, you have money for vodka, but none to buy Christ's Gospel!" The tipsy father at once rose, looked at the lad in stupid astonishment, and then very slowly beckoned to me to draw near with my books. My little pleader got his Testament; his eyes brightened and his face beamed with joy.'—'Christian Herald.'

ONE EFFORT TO PRAY.

A friend of mine, the son of a most eminent Congregational minister, was visited, when a young man, by Mr. John B. Gough. The visit was made at the request of the young man's mother, who thought Mr. Gough might succeed in winning her dear son to Christ.

The great orator found the young man stuffed full of skeptical notions, impervious to argument, and, seemingly, well satisfied with himself.

Finally, Mr. Gough asked him if he would promise to make one prayer, just one, for light.

'But,' the young man replied, 'I do not know anything perfect to whom or to which I could pray.'

'How about your mother's love?' asked the orator, 'isn't that perfect? Hasn't she always stood by you, and been ready to take you in and care for you when even your father had really kicked you out?'

The young man choked with emotion, and said: 'Y-e-s, sir, that is so.'

'Then pray to love—make a prayer to love, and though that seems an abstraction, if you will kneel to-night, and do that, it will help you. I know it will,' said the old veteran to his young friend, and he added: 'Ed., will you promise?'

The young man hesitated a moment, and then faintly, but earnestly replied: 'I will.'

The young man told me the rest after this fashion: 'That night I retired to my room, and, before going to bed, kneeled down, closed my eyes, and, struggling a moment, uttered the words, "O Love!"

Instantly, as if by lightning flash, the old Bible text came to me—God is love—and I said, brokenly, "O God!"

'Then another flash of divine truth, and a voice said, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," and there, instantly, I exclaimed: "O Christ, thou incarnation of infinite divinest love, show me the light and truth!"'

That young man is to-day an eloquent, consecrated minister of Jesus Christ.

As an unbeliever, stubborn and willful, he had to do something—some little thing—some one thing. He did it, and learned, how quickly, that 'if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.'

'Human things must be known ere they are loved. Divine things must be loved ere they can be known.'—'Epworth Herald.'

A LITTLE RECHABITE.

A story is told of the days when the temperance movement was somewhat of a novelty. A little boy of four years old, seeing others signing the pledge, wanted to write his name too. He insisted, and with the aid of some one holding his hand, scrawled it on the paper. His father tried to explain to him its meaning, and told him the story of the Rechabites, impressing on him the verse, 'unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's commandment.' The little fellow, on being told the paper he signed was a promise to obey his father and never touch liquor, replied, 'Yes, favver, I'll 'member.' Three years after he was stopping with his uncle, and a visitor who was drinking a glass of cider, offered him some. The boy twice refused, and then his uncle interposing said, 'My boy, I command you to do as the gentleman asks. You must obey me.' Rising to his feet, with flashing eyes the little seven-year-old declared, 'Unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's command, and I promised my father, and I never will.' And he didn't.

BIG BROTHER.

By Annie Fellows-Johnston.

(Continued.)

Sometimes he took him up early to the little room under the roof, and, lying on the side of the bed, made up more marvellous stories than any the book contained.

Often they drew the big wooden rocking-chair close to the window, and, sitting with their arms around each other, looked out on the moonlit stillness of the summer night. Then, with their eyes turned starward, they talked of the far country beyond; for Steven tried to keep undimmed in Robin's baby memory, a living picture of the father and mother he was so soon forgetting.

'Don't you remember,' he would say, 'how papa used to come home in the evening and take us both on his knees, and sing "Kingdom Coming" to us? And how mamma laughed and called him a big boy when he got down on the floor and played circus with us?

'And don't you remember how we helped mamma make cherry pie for dinner one day? You were on the door-step with some dough in your hands, and a greedy old hen came up and gobbled it right out of your fingers.'

Robin would laugh out gleefully at each fresh reminiscence, and then say: 'Tell some more r'members, Big Brother!' And so Big Brother would go on until a curly head drooped over on his shoulder, and a sleepy voice yawned 'Sand-man's a-comin'.'

The hands that undressed him were as patient and deft as a woman's. He missed no care or tenderness.

When he knelt down in his white gown, just where the patch of moonlight lay on the floor, his chubby hands crossed on Big Brother's knee, there was a gentle touch of caressing fingers on his curls as his sleepy voice repeated the evening prayer the far away mother had taught them.

There was always one ceremony that had to be faithfully performed, no matter how sleepy he might be. The black dancing bear had always to be put to bed in a cracker box and covered with a piece of red flannel.

One night he looked up gravely as he folded it around his treasure and said, 'Robin tucks ze black dancin' bear in bed, an' Big Brother tucks in Robin. Who puts Big Brother to bed?'

'Nobody, now,' answered Steven with a quivering lip, for his child's heart ached many a night for the lullaby and bedtime petting he so sorely missed.

'Gramma Deebun do it?' suggested Robin quickly.

'No: Grandma Dearborn has the rheumatism. She couldn't walk upstairs.'

'She got ze wizzim-tizzim,' echoed Robin solemnly. Then his face lighted up with a happy thought. 'Nev' mind; Robin'll put Big Brother to bed all ze nights when he's a man.' And Big Brother kissed the sweet mouth and was comforted.

During the summer, Mr. Dearborn drove to town with fresh marketing every morning, starting early in order to get home by noon. Saturdays he took Steven with him, for that was the day he supplied his butter customers.

The first time the boy made the trip he carried Mrs. Estel's address in his pocket, which he had carefully copied from the fly-leaf of the book she had given him. Although he had not the remotest expectation of seeing her, there was a sense of companionship in the mere thought that she was in the same town with him.

He watched the lamp-posts carefully as they went along, spelling out the names of the streets. All of a sudden his heart gave a bound. They had turned a corner and were driving along Fourth avenue. He took the slip of paper from his pocket. Yes, he was right. That was the name of the street. Then he began to watch for the numbers. 200, 300, 400; they passed on several more blocks. Mr. Dearborn drove up to the pavement and handed him the reins to hold, while he took the crock of butter into the house. Steven glanced up at the number. It was 812. Then the next one—no, the one after that—must be the place.

It was a large, elegant house, handsomer than any they had passed on the avenue. As long as it was in sight, Steven strained his eyes for a backward look, but saw no one.

Week after week he watched and waited, but the blinds were always closed, and he saw no signs of life about the place. Then one day he saw a carriage stop at the gate. A lady all in black stepped out and walked slowly towards the house. Her long, heavy veil hid her face, but he thought he recognized her. He was almost sure it was Mrs. Estel. He could hardly resist the inclination to run after her and speak to her; but while he hesitated, the great hall door swung back and shut her from sight. He wondered what great trouble had come to her that she should be dressed in deep black.

The hope of seeing her was the only thing about his weekly trips to town that he anticipated with any pleasure. It nearly always happened that some time during the morning while he was gone, Robin got into trouble. Nobody

seemed to think that the reason the child was usually so good, was due largely to Steven's keeping him happily employed. He always tried to contrive something to keep him busy part of the morning; but Robin found no pleasure very long in solitary pursuits, and soon abandoned them.

Once he took a ball of yarn from the darning-basket to roll after the white kitten. He did not mean to be mischievous any more than the white kitten did, but the ball was part of Grandma Dearborn's knitting work. When she found the needles pulled out and the stitches dropped, she scolded him sharply. All her children had been grown up so long, she had quite forgotten how to make allowances for things of that sort.

There was a basket of stiff, highly colored wax fruit on the marble-topped table in the parlor. Miss Barbara Dearborn had made it at boarding-school and presented it to her sister-in-law many years before. How Robin ever managed to lift off the glass case without breaking it, no one ever knew. That he had done so was evident, for in every waxen, red-cheeked pear and slab-sided apple, were the prints of his sharp little teeth. It seemed little short of sacrilege to Mrs. Dearborn, whose own children had regarded it for years from an admiring distance, fearing to lay unlawful fingers even on the glass case that protected such a work of art.

He dropped a big white china button into the cake dough when Molly, 'the help,' had her back turned. It was all ready to be baked, and she unsuspectingly whisked the pan into the oven. Company came to tea, and Grandpa Dearborn happened to take the slice of cake that had the button in it. Manlike, he called everyone's attention to it, and his wife was deeply mortified.

He left the pasture gate open so that the calves got into the garden. He broke Grandpa Dearborn's shaving-mug, and spilled the lather all over himself and the lavender bows of the best pin-cushion. He untied a bag that had been left in the window to sun, to see what made it feel so soft inside. It was a bag of feathers saved from the pickings of many geese. He was considerably startled when the down flew in all directions, sticking to carpet and curtains, and making Molly much extra work on the busiest day in the week.

But the worst time was when Steven came home to find him sitting in a corner, crying bitterly, one hand tied to his chair. He had been put there for punishment. It seemed that busy morning that everything he touched made trouble for somebody. At last his exploring little fingers found the plug of the patent churn. The next minute he was a woe-begone spectacle, with the fresh buttermilk pouring down on him, and spreading in creamy rivers all over the dairy floor.

These weekly trips were times of great anxiety for Steven. He never knew what fresh trouble might greet him on his return.

One day they sold out much earlier than usual. It was only eleven o'clock when they reached home. Grandma Dearborn was busy preparing dinner. Robin was not in sight. As soon as Steven had helped to unhitch the horses he ran into the house to look for him. There was no answer to his repeated calls. He searched all over the garden, thinking maybe the child was hiding from him and might jump out any moment from behind a tree.

He was beginning to feel alarmed when he saw two little bare feet slowly waving back and forth above the tall orchard grass. He slipped over the fence and noiselessly along under the apple-trees. Robin was lying on his stomach watching something on the ground so intently, that sometimes the bare feet forgot to wave over his back and were held up motionless.

With one hand he was pulling along at a snail's pace, a green leaf, on which a dead bumble-bee lay in state. With the other he was keeping in order a funeral procession of caterpillars. It was a motley crowd of mourners that the energetic forefinger urged along the line of march. He had evidently collected them from many quarters,—little green worms that spun down from the apple boughs overhead; big furry brown caterpillars that had hurried along the honeysuckle trellis to escape his fat fingers; spotted ones and striped ones; horned and smooth. They all straggled along, each one travelling his own gait, each one bent on going a different direction, but all kept in line by that short, determined forefinger.

Steven laughed so suddenly that the little master of ceremonies jumped up and turned a startled face towards him. Then he saw that there were

traces of tears on the dimpled face and one eye swollen nearly shut.

'O Robin! what is it now?' he cried in distress. 'How did you hurt yourself so dreadfully?'

'Ole bumble!' answered Robin, pointing to the leaf. 'He flied in ze kitchen an' sat down in ze apple peelin's. I jus' poked him, nen he flied up an' bit me. He's dead now,' he added triumphantly. 'Gramma killed him. See all ze cattow-pillows walkin' in ze p'cession?'

So the days slipped by in the old farmhouse. Frost nipped the gardens, and summer vanished entirely from orchard and field. The happy outdoor life was at an end, and Robin was like a caged squirrel. Steven had his hands full keeping him amused and out of the way.

'Well, my lad, isn't it about time for you to be starting to school?' Mr. Dearborn would ask occasionally. 'You know I agreed to send you every winter, and I must live up to my promises.'

But Steven made first one pretext and then another, for delay. He knew he could not take Robin with him. He knew, too, how restless and troublesome the child would become if left at home all day.

So he could not help feeling glad when Molly went home on a visit, and Grandma Dearborn said her rheumatism was so bad that she needed his help. True, he had all sorts of tasks that he heartily despised,—washing dishes, kneading dough, sweeping and dusting,—all under the critical old lady's exacting supervision. But he preferred even that to being sent off to school alone every day.

One evening, just about sundown, he was out in the corn-crib, shelling corn for the large flock of turkeys they were fattening for market. He heard Grandma Dearborn go into the barn, where her husband was milking. They were both a little deaf, and she spoke loud in order to be heard above the noise of the milk pattering into the pail. She had come out to look at one of the calves they intended selling.

'It's too bad,' he heard her say, after a while. 'Rindy has just set her heart on him, but Arad, he thinks it's all foolishness to get such a young one. He's willing to take one big enough to do the chores, but he doesn't want to feed and keep what 'ud only be a care to 'em. He always was closer'n the bark on a tree. After all, I'd hate to see the little fellow go.'

'Yes,' was the answer, 'he's a likely lad; but we're gettin' old, mother, and one is about all we can do well by. Sometimes I think maybe we've bargained for too much, tryin' to keep even one. So it's best to let the little one go before we get to settin' sech store by him that we can't.'

A vague terror seized Steven as he realized who it was they were talking about. He lay awake a long time that night smoothing Robin's tangled curls, and crying at the thought of the motherless baby away among strangers, with no one to snuggle him up warm or sing him to sleep. There was another thought that wounded him deeply. Twist it whichever way he might, he could construe Mr. Dearborn's last remark to mean but one thing. They considered him a burden. How many plans he made night after night before he fell asleep! He would take Robin by the hand in the morning, and they would slip away and wander off to the woods together. They could sleep in barns at night, and he could stop at the farmhouses and do chores to pay for what they ate. Then they need not be a trouble to anyone. Maybe in the summer they could find a nice dry cave to live in. Lots of people had lived that way. Then in a few years he would be big enough to have a house of his own. All sorts of improbable plans flocked into his little brain under cover of the darkness, but always vanished when the daylight came.

The next Saturday that they went to town, was a cold, blustering day. They started late, taking a lunch with them, not intending to come home until the middle of the afternoon.

The wind blew a perfect gale by the time they reached town. Mr. Dearborn stopped his team in front of one of the principal groceries, saying, 'Hop out Steven, and see what they're paying for turkeys to-day.'

As he sprang over the wheel, an old gentleman came running around the corner after his hat, which the wind had carried away.

Steven caught it and gave it to him. He clapped it on his bald crown with a good-natured laugh. 'Thanky, sonny!' he exclaimed heartily. Then he disappeared inside the grocery, just as Mr. Dearborn called out, 'I believe I'll hitch the horses and go in too; I'm nearly frozen.'

Steven followed him into the grocery, and they stood with their hands spread out to the stove while they waited for the proprietor. He was talking to the old gentleman whose hat Steven had rescued.

He seemed to be a very particular kind of a customer.

'Oh, go on! go on!' he exclaimed presently. 'Wait on those other people while I make up my mind.'

(To be Continued.)

It is always a step upward to even think of giving the heart to God. It is the highest ground upon which the sinner has ever stood.

TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

The attention of Sunday-school teachers and superintendents is especially directed to our offer of prizes for Bible study, on another page. There is no more valuable aid to successful teaching than the judicious use of prizes. Our day schools recognize this, and every year spend large sums of money for rewards for learning, and the Sunday-schools which do the same, have the best success.

The editor of the 'Northern Messenger' feels this very strongly, and we propose to do all that such a paper can to further this end. We hope to see every school into which the 'Messenger' goes, taking part in this competition.

RIDING THE HUMP-DURGIN.

'Of course you'll take a ride on the hump-durgin,' said the vice-president of the company, as he handed me a note of introduction to the foreman of the logging camp.

'What is this hump-durgin?' I asked. 'I have heard the name several times before, but can't learn to what it applies. Is it an animal or a machine?'

'You'll find out fast enough,' laughed the vice-president.

I was about to visit a logging camp in the foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains, amid the vast forests of fir and cedar with which the North-West coast is so densely covered.

The Northern Pacific train from Tacoma, after devious windings up the mountains, brought me to the coal-mining camp of Wilkeson, where I was to spend the night.

This Wilkeson mine is one of the oldest and most important in Washington, and the discipline of the works is as perfect as the order maintained in this model mining camp, and both are due to the far-sighted wisdom and unbending firmness of manager J. H. Scott, a man who is famed throughout the far West for his skill in handling men.

The following morning we boarded a train of empty flat cars, that were pushed a few miles up a branch track leading into the very heart of the forest.

The bit of level beside which we halted, was known as the 'landing,' and was paved with logs solidly embedded in the ground, laid a few feet apart, and at right angles to the track. The upper surface of these was worn white and smooth by the constant friction of other logs, for whose passage they afforded a solid roadway. At one side, and a couple of hundred feet apart, stood two stationary engines of about thirty horse-power each. One of them was used to 'yank' the great logs up a set of skids on to the flats, while the other rolled in over a drum a slender wire cable that trailed its apparently endless length from somewhere far up the gulch.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Scott, in answer to my inquiry, 'it is a cable system. By means of it we are enabled to beat the world in getting out lumber.'

The bottom of the gulch up which the cable disappeared was laid with log cross-ties until it resembled a railway minus its rails. This was the central 'skid road,' which extended from the landing two miles into the forest, and connected with an arterial system of other skid roads that branched from it through every lateral ravine. Down these skid roads the huge logs are drawn by half-mile relays of wire cable, in tandem teams, or 'turns,' of from three to seven at a time.

As we watched the movement of the snake-like cable, there came from up the gulch a sound of bumping and sliding that rapidly increased in volume until finally the butt end of a log appeared swinging around a corner. The first monster was followed by a second, closely chained to it. Then came a third, fourth and fifth, until the swaying groaning procession was at length completed by a nondescript affair looking like a cross between a horse-trough and a dugout canoe. It was about twenty feet long, was pointed at both ends, was made fast to the last log of the 'turn,' and in it sat a man, who, as soon as the landing was reached, sprang out, cast loose his novel craft, and left it standing at the foot of the skid road.

'That,' said my companion, pointing to the canoe-like affair, 'is the famous hump-durgin, and if you care to, you can take passage in it on its return trip, which will be made in a few minutes.'

'All right, I answered. 'It appears a sea-worthy craft. But why hump-durgin?'

'It is a hump-durgin,' replied the manager, 'because the captain of the first one ever launched called it so, and the word is derived from toboggan, which was the name originally applied to it. It's captain was not familiar with toboggans, however, and the word proved such a puzzler to him, that the first time he was asked what he called his craft, he answered: "The boss was calling it by the name of one of them Canuck sliding machines, hump-durgin, I think he said it was." This word was of course too good to lose, and hump-durgin it has ever been since.'

A few minutes later I was seated in the after-end of the dugout. It was laden with the iron dogs and chains with which the logs just arrived had been fastened together, and the captain was stationed well forward to look out for snags. We had been made fast to the return cable, a telephonic signal had been transmitted to the first relay engine, half-a-mile away, and the voyage was begun. My instructions were to hold on tight, watch out for 'slews,' and take care that my fingers didn't get jammed against the sheer skids. These were logs so placed at the sharp turns in the gulch as to divert passing logs or hump-durgins from the bank and sheer them into the main channel. At such points the proper position of the cable was maintained by both vertical and horizontal steel rollers. It was here, too, that the 'slews' occurred, the hump-durgin being jerked around the corners and made to slide or 'slew' across the road-bed with such sudden violence that an unwary passenger must inevitably have been flung out. On tangents the motion of the craft was generally smooth and bearable, though there came times when it pitched and pounded as though encountering a head-sea.

As our rate of speed was about four miles per hour, in less than ten minutes we reached the first relay station, where the hump-durgin was run into a snug berth, protected from descending logs by a heavy side skid. Here, housed in a rude shed, an upright engine of thirty-five horse-power was winding in two wire cables at once—the one that had drawn us up from the landing, and a second that was hauling a 'turn' of logs down from further up the line. The length of these cables was so regulated that the logs arrived about half-a-minute after our craft had been safely docked, and on their appearance, followed by a second hump-durgin, I discovered that this was a transfer as well as a relay station, the original durgin being about to return from this point to the landing.

Hump-durgin No. 2, being intended for easier grades and less violent 'slews' than the other, was a much lighter affair and differently constructed. It was formed of two small logs, squared, pointed at both ends, set a couple of feet apart, and joined by a solid platform with slightly raised sides. As the other durgin suggested a canoe, so this one resembled a catamaran.

No. 3 relay engine we found placed a hundred or more feet higher than the one we had just left. Here occurred a second transfer and a repetition of the scene witnessed at the preceding station. Hump-durgin No. 3 was also a catamaran, and its route was the most interesting yet traversed. In places the hills were so precipitous that the outer edge of the road was protected by heavy log guards, while all the skids sloped toward the inner side. It sometimes though rarely happens, when the road is wet and slippery, that logs will begin sliding on their own account, become unmanageable, gather speed like an avalanche as they rush down the glade, leap or sweep away the barrier at some curve, and plunge with a crushing roar into the valley below. At such a time it is policy for the captain of a hump-durgin to desert his craft as quickly as possible, for he might as well be attached to the tail of a comet as to be hurled through space in the wake of a runaway 'turn' of these mammoth logs.

As the luxuries of all travel gradually disappear in a wilderness, so on the last half-mile of this skid road there was no hump-durgin; passengers were forced to walk, and the final length of cable was drawn by a team of horses back to the scene of active logging operations. Here was the virgin forest of lofty firs and giant cedars, whose mighty trunks shot upward, smooth, unblemished, and straight as the columns of a temple, from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. It was a place of silence and deep cool shadows, flecked by scattered points of golden sunlight. But it was a songless forest, and save for the presence of inquisitive squirrels, and softly flitting jays clad in complete suits of dark navy blue, it seemed devoid of animal life.

In sharp contrast to the profound silence reigning elsewhere throughout the mighty forest, the scene at the terminus of the skid road was one of noisy animation. The wooded aisles rang with incessant axe strokes, the raucous swish of long, fierce-toothed saws, the jangle of chains, and the shouting of teamsters. There was the laughter and singing of light-hearted men, and above all came the occasional thunderous crash of stately woodland kings deposed and hurled from their lofty thrones.

Of this magnificent timber, while much is taken, a far greater quantity is left, for the loggers of this generation are but skimming the cream of the vast North-Western forests, selecting for present use only the largest and finest trees, and leaving those of inferior growth for their as yet unborn successors. Still, the present waste of timber is prodigious and inexcusable. A pernicious custom of the coast is to cut all trees at a height of from eight to ten feet above the ground, leaving stumps containing millions of feet of the finest lumber to useless decay. Not only is the waste of fir timber at both top and bottom of the tree most prodigal, but as there is little present demand for cedar lumber, cedar shingles having sold on Puget Sound last year as low as sixty-five cents per thousand, the finest cedar trees, superb great fellows from three to five feet in diameter, are being used in the construction of skid roads, because they are easy to split, and with them large surfaces may be quickly covered.

In these Western forests there is no waiting for snow nor for high water, no sledding, rafting, nor river driving, and by the aid of engines, cables, and railways, the fir-tree of to-day may easily become the lumber of to-morrow, and be voyaging in Pacific waters to ports of far-away China or Japan the day after.

Under these conditions, the work of a North-West logging camp never ceases, and it quickly assumes a permanent and village-like aspect, unknown to similar communities in the East. In a camp that originally contained only the familiar dining-shed, stable, blacksmith's shop, and big log dormitory in which all hands may bunk at night, numerous other buildings soon begin to appear. The foreman, certain of an all-the-year-round job, decides to bring his wife to camp, and must build a house for her accommodation. Some of the men follow suit. Others, desiring a privacy that is not afforded by the public dormitory, or something in the nature of a home, devote their leisure to the building of little 'shacks' or cabins, of which sides, roofs, floor, doors and furniture are all made of split cedar. Their further leisure is spent in the furnishing and embellishing of these tiny houses. They run out porch roofs, construct comfortable lounging seats, and by-and-by they experiment warily with garden seeds. Flowers and vines put in a timid appearance and decide to remain, the winding paths among the stumps take on the aspect of rude streets, a store becomes a necessity, and the patient hump-durgin comes up from the landing laden with many a package of goods besides logging tools. All at once it becomes apparent that the camp is no longer a camp, but has become a village, that in the near future, when its surrounding forests shall be supplanted by fields and orchards, may be the centre of an agricultural district yielding even greater wealth than the sombre woodlands to which it owes its existence.—From Kirk Munroe in 'Harper.'

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